

Saratoga Lyrics

Edward Woticky

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by

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SARATOGA LYRICS

I

In universal ether

There floats an earthy ball,
On whose ~~wide~~ ^{radiant} surface creep a host
Of buzzing creatures small;
And each its buzzing holds to be
The noblest buzz of all.

And there unceasingly they buzz,
Eternally they creep,
Save when some sorrow bids them pause,
Or makes them silence keep:
Or when the Spirit of Beauty
Moves them to smile or weep.

II

Ah fondly—yet wistfully
A mother heart doth sigh;
With heart's love,—with tear drop
Soft shimmering her eye.
Ah softly—so silently
Her spirit hence doth fly.
(Weep not, my liefest dear—
Beguile this heart so drear)

Ah bravely—unflinchingly
A father's hand stays nigh.
There gasping, heart-weary
A father low doth lie.
Once more thou seest, O ancient God,
How nobly man can die.
(Mourn not, my liefest dear
See how they smile so near)

III

Sweet father, whom ingratitude
Left still all true and brave,
How green the peaceful earth, how green
The ivy on thy grave!

O sainted mother, by whose bier
My tears and hopes were shed,
I have no allies 'mongst the quick—
Have I among the dead?

IV

Hearken, fragrant vale,
Many-fountained dell;
One, they say, is here,
One I once loved well.

Supple, blue-clad form,
Flash of red-brown hair;
Gray eye's passing gleam,—
Yes, she still is fair.

V

My love has frowned upon me,
My mood is sombre, gray;
My love has smiled so graciously
I've written verses gay:
My love has kissed me fondly—
An ode I'll write to-day;
And were she all my very own
I'd write a deathless lay.

VI

No fear were mine, no wan regret,
Were this my life's last hour.
Lightly I'd mock the Fates. And yet
Sweet is the morn with new-blown flower,
Fair is my lady's bower.

The noblest souls are happy met
In radiant realms above.
Blissful abode! And yet—and yet
Fair is the night, fair is my love,
Ah sweet is my lady love.

VII

Methought she sat in some bright glen
Where fauns and sprites did dwell,—
I know not what green vista,
What long forgotten dell.
Her smile was for another—
The demons grinned in Hell
O white-souled, sainted mother,
Pray that she love me well.

VIII

She pleaded her wearisome duty,—
I could not in conscience, dissuade;
So, seeking, I fear, to evade,
I summoned the Spirit of Beauty
To bask in our starlit glade.

A soft-tinted fount, iridescent,
Was playing its shimmering spray;
Faint harmonies drifted their way:
The night reared a moon opalescent—
Athrill in my arms she lay.

IX

O fair by day, O sweet o'night,
Who fill my thought with dreaming.
O living joy, O sense-delight,
I crave your gray eye's gleaming,
Your burning lip, your bosom white,
O fair by day, O sweet o'night.

X

My mood is drear as the morning,
As the heavens, darksome, gray.
Last night in vain I sought her,
I seek her in vain today.

Why strive from myself to hide it
That haunting, jealous fear?
For yon bland, smirking idler
Has ever been prowling near.

A most exacting suitor,
If rightly him I gauge.
He smirks at me as blandly—
Ah 'tis a complacent age!

Blue rifts are torn in the cloud-sheet,
Speeds many a kindly ray
My darling is here beside me,
Smiles all my doubt away.

XI

Ah still is left a summer day
With freshness of the green;
Ah still there is a summer night
With starlight's placid sheen:
O still we burn with youth's sweet glow,
So love me well, my queen.

XII

Dreamily sad, I pondered
In a secluded grot.
Basked in the Spirit of Beauty
Rose and forget-me-not.
Grinned a faun in the grotto,
Grinned a meaningless grin:
"Take what the Fates vouchsafe thee—
Seek not to pry within."
Fitfully swayed the flowers,
Drifted a cloud o'erhead.
Wearily drooped the rose, for the gentle
Spirit of Beauty was fled.

XIII

Go, go, white-breasted dove.
Go hence from heart and mind;
Fly with the autumn wind,
Thou art no more my love.
Nor stop to hover above
Dead leaves in memory's urn.
Yet should thy wild heart yearn
Fly swift to me, white dove.

XIV

Rue not, ye faded glades,
With yellow leaves o'erstrewn.
Ye've had your golden summer's day,
When white the sunbeams shone.

What if gray memory
With mosses be o'ergrown?
One wondrous starlit summer's night
She was my very own.

XV

It was midsummer madness,
It was a thoughtless lark.
Then why give way to sadness,
Why see the world so dark?

And if a lady would forget,
A man must do his part.
Then why this worm of vain regret
A-gnawing at my heart?

XVI

O sainted ones, who gave me birth,
When crushed I left your bier,
I did not know that mortal still
Could be to me so dear.

We loved in summer's glory,
We parted at its wane.
Tomorrow I shall journey
To seek my dead again.

XVII

Ironie masters of horror,
Grim, grinning Fates, accept my praise, I pray,
For never yet hath dramatist contrived
More cunningly his play.
I sought her where she lay,
Gazed silently upon her face and form,
Still fair, a lovely image wrought in clay.

My love was on her way to me,
My love was on her way;
Soft hung the autumn air,
As on a summer's day.
The ruthless Fates a demon sent,
And still in death she lay.
And she was on her way to me,
My love was on her way.

O masterpiece of art
That his should be the hand!
So after all there beat a human heart
Beneath that smirk so bland.

Why lies she there, so still, so still,
At this our lovers' meeting:
Why closed those eyes I deemed would fill
With happy tears of greeting?
And will she nevermore walk forth
To breathe the evening air,
That gently seeks the pallid north
And sets the roses there?

XVIII

'Mid softly colored fountains' play,
And music softer still,
We sat and dreamed an hour away,
Till in my arms my loved one lay,
As loved ones sometimes will.

And was it but a month ago,
Or was it many a year,
That in the moon's caressing glow
I clasped her, as she murmured low
Who lies on yon black bier....

XIX

The wind is from the north,
A dead leaf flutters sere;
The brown September's here:
Bright humming-bird, go forth.

Leave lone thy little nest,
Soft nest of rose leaves dead;
With tiny pinions spread,
Go seek thy winter rest.

Yon cloud is swelled with rain;
Love breathes its parting sigh.
Fly, little poet, fly!
Green May will come again.

EDUCATIONAL

My lips were rusty and musty,
As a pedagogue's well should be;
And hers were ruddy and rosy,
Though a pedagogue too was she.

Oh twice before I had missed her,
For my aim was all untrue;
I thought her ice till I kissed her
And she promptly at me flew.

Now, gentle friend, I know not
Is she ice or the spirit of mirth.
Or is she the Spirit of Beauty,
Come down for a space to earth?

MARY

Her eyes are a golden brown;
Her figure shapely, slender,
And robed in the neatest, gray-green gown.
Her hands are tiny, and white, and soft as down.
And she is kind as she is neat,
For Mary is loving and tender.
And sweet is her kiss,—sweet, so sweet—
Sweet as a dream of vanished bliss:
Sweeter than April breezes on the wing;
Than autumn's lingering memories of spring;
Sweeter is Mary's kiss.

SCHEIDEN

Traure nicht, mein kind!

Krank' nicht das treue Herz

Dass wir von einander sind

Ich bin nicht wert den Schmerz.

O suesses blass' Gesicht,

Mach' keinen Vorwurf mehr

Mein Lieb, O zürne nicht!

Mein Lieb! Das Leben ist schwer.





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